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1891

1891

Souvenir

of

Jean Hulton



A SOUVENIR
OF
JEAN INGELow

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHT ETCHINGS

ON INDIA PAPER BY

33 WILLIAM GOODRICH BEAL

BOSTON
SAMUEL E. CASSINO

1891

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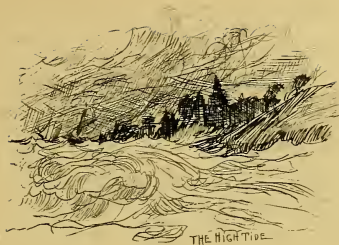
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THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF
LINCOLNSHIRE.

*“The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place.”*
He shooke as one that looks on death:
“God save you, mother ! ” straight he saith;
“Where is my wife, Elizabeth ? ”



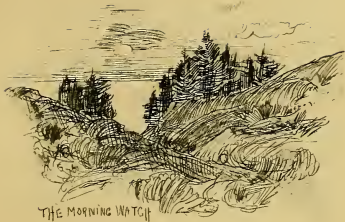
THE NIGHT TIDE

THE MORNING WATCH.

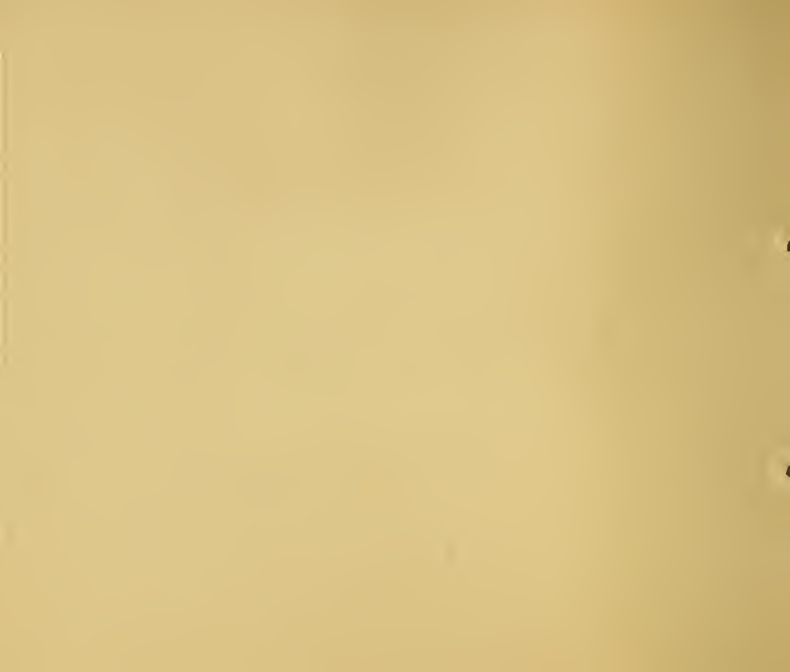
THE COMING IN OF THE "MERMAIDEN."

*The moon is bleached as white as wool,
And just dropping under;
Every star is gone but three,
And they hang far asunder,—
There's a sea-ghost all in gray,
A tall shape of wonder !*





THE MORNING WATCH



PRESENT.

*A meadow where the grass was deep,
Rich, square, and golden to the view,
A belt of elms with level sweep
About it grew.*

*The sun beat down on it, the line
Of shade was clear beneath the trees;
There, by a clustering eglantine,
We sat at ease.*





PRESENT

THE FOUR BRIDGES.

But those old bridges claim another look.

*Our brattling river tumbles through the one;
The second spans a shallow, weedy brook;*

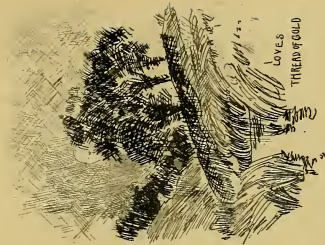
*Beneath the others, and beneath the sun,
Lie two long stilly pools, and on their breasts
Picture their wooden piles, encased in swallow's nests.*



THE FOUR BRIDGES

LOVE'S THREAD OF GOLD.

*In the night she told a story,
In the night and all night through.
While the moon was in her glory,
And the branches dropped with dew.
T'was my life she told, and round it
Rose the years as from a deep;
In the world's great heart she found it,
Cradled like a child asleep.
In the night I saw her weaving
By the misty moonbeam cold,
All the weft her shuttle cleaving
With a sacred thread of gold.*



ABSENT.

*We sat on grassy slopes that meet
With sudden dip the level strand;
The trees hung overhead — our feet
Were on the sand.*

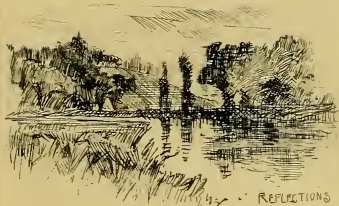
*Two silent girls, a thoughtful man,
We sunned ourselves in open light,
And felt such April airs as fan
The Isle of Wight ;*



ABSENT

REFLECTIONS.

*I see the pool more clear by half
Than pools where other waters laugh
Up at the breasts of coot and rail.
There, as she passed it on her way,
I saw reflected yesterday
A maiden with a milking-pail.*



REFLECTIONS

THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

*As I came round the harbor buoy,
The lights began to gleam,
No wave the land-locked water stirred,
The crags were white as cream;
And I marked my love by candle-light
Sewing her long white seam.
It's aye sewing ashore, my dear,
Watch and steer at sea,
It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
Set sail and think of thee.*



THE LONG WHITE SLAY

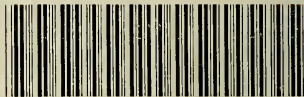
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